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Editor and Proprietor.TERMS:
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STANFORD, - KENTUCKY.

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THE FASHIONABLE HATTER,

102 West Market Street,

Between 4th and 5th, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Gent's Furs,

Canes, Umbrellas & Gloves.

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CRAB ORCHARD HOTEL,

Crab Orchard, Kentucky,

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Accommodations Unexcelled.

EXCELLENT HOTEL,

NO. 1 LIVERY STABLE

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All Accommodations First-Class.

THE "STAR SALOON,"

Run in connection with the Hotel

The Best in the City.

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HENRY HUSSING,

Late of Louisville,

(Successor to F. D. Brady).

Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker,

Lancaster Street, Stanford, Ky.

Women's Ready-Made Work on Hands.

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Price Low-Call and Inspect my Work.

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STANFORD FEMALE COLLEGE,

STANFORD, KY.

—TITLE—

SIXTH SESSION

OF THE

INSTITUTION

WILL OPEN ON TUESDAY

Second Monday in September Next,

with a full corps of efficient teachers.

Besides the usual English Bruecker, Ancient and Modern Languages.

MUSIC.

DRAWING

AND PAINTING

are taught with success.

For full particulars address

Mrs. S. C. THIRKLEARY.

READ THIS!

E. A. TERRINE,

CABINET MAKER

—AND—

UNDERTAKER,

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Stan-

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a well-arranged and well-stocked shop

and is prepared to do all kinds of work at

most reasonable rates. "Undertaking a specialty."

He keeps a family library and a fine collection of

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TO AGENTS!

I desire to employ Agents to canvass for the

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Good territory will be given to agents furnished

and a business that will sell, offered real live, ex-

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Vanderbilt Building, Stanford, Ky.

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J. H. ARNOLD,

WITH

M'Alpin, Polk & Co.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

My Goods and Notions!

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James W. McAlpin,

James E. Polk, 100 Third St.,

J. H. Holden, 100-11 Commercial Hotel,

H. W. Shambaugh, 100-11

Cincinnati.

150-11

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME IV.—NUMBER 30.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1875.

WHOLE NUMBER 185.

LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI

SHORT LINE RAILROAD

FOR

CINCINNATI AND THE EAST!

THE quickest, least and Only Route running

Sleeping Cars from Louisville to

Columbus, Ohio, Pittsburg, Harrisburg,

Philadelphia,

NEW YORK,

And Other Eastern Cities.

WITHOUT CHARGE.

The only line with which passengers from the south make direct connections at Louisville to the north for New York, driving

One Train in Advance of all

Other Lines.

Time from Louisville to New York,

Only Thirty-two Hours.

This line is stone-banked and entirely free from

being equipped with the celebrated Western

Safety Air-Brake, precludes all possibility of

collision.

Only All Rail Line

From Louisville passing over the great from

Railway Bridge at Cincinnati.

The bottom of the steamship Great

Eastern was lately examined and found to be covered, below the water line, with an enormous multitude of mussels, clustered together in one dense and continuous deposit, in some places six inches thick. It was ascertained that the building while the vessel was

was a perfect wreck, and to add to the horror of the crew took fire. A large number of cattle, which were buried under the debris, were actually roasted alive, it being impossible to extirpate them.

Tickets for Sale

"Via Louisville and the Short Line,"

At all Ticket Offices in the South and Southwest.

J. H. McALPIN, Gen. Agt.,

S. K. PARSONS, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent,

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

WHEN YOU GO EAST OR WEST

VISIT US

Ohio & Mississippi R. R.

The Peoples' Line.

THE REASON WHY.

It is 12 Hours Quicker

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Than any other line between Louisville and St. Louis.

It is the only road by which passengers arriving in Louisville on morning trains can go direct through to St. Louis without detention or loss of time.

It is the only line which gives direct connection with both morning and evening trains out of St. Louis, for all Western and Southern cities.

The only line running through Steeplechase to the West.

For Safety and Certainty of Connections is an insurance.

Tickets for sale and money checked through at all Louisville offices in the principal Southern cities. For other information apply to

J. H. ANTHONY, Ticket Agent,

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL AND

Ohio and Mississippi Railroads.

For St. Louis and the West.

Through Tickets to all points in Missouri, Kansas and Texas.

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J. H. ARNOLD,

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, September 28, 1873.

W. P. Walton, Editor and Proprietor.
T. H. Walton, Jr., Business Manager.

A *Timely Article.*

The *Courier-Journal* of the 20th inst., has a timely and thoughtful article under the head of "Business Lessons." It will repay perusal by all concerned. It does seem a little strange that men who have had the wisdom and tact to accumulate large fortunes have so little good sense as to enable them to take care of it. It seems stranger still, that the directors of a monied institution will allow those whose duty it is to handle the funds, and keep the accounts, to go on from month to month, and year to year, pilfering and stealing, making false entries, and performing "irregularities," when, if that supervision of the accounts and books were had from time to time, by monthly or quarterly examinations, by an "expert" who has had nothing to do with them, this whole system of fraud, treachery, and general rascality, would receive a decided check. Men who are so loose in the management of their business, scarcely deserve the sympathy of the public when disaster comes upon them, and they should be held to strictly account to innocent depositors who have entrusted to their management and keeping the sums of money placed so confidingly in their vaults. Against the arts and villainy of the midnight burglar, or the murderous robbers of the highway robber and assassin, there is, frequently, no security. In the cases of the Columbia and Huntington bank robberies, the bank officers and other suffering parties have the sympathy of the public. The most careful and astute officer could not foresee the assault; but in the cases of the Gas Company and Planters' Bank, at Louisville, the matter is far different. We have "had our say," and for our gratuitous suggestions, no charge is made. A word to the wise is sufficient. Surely, enough has been made manifest within the last four or five months, to teach a wholesome lesson. Will it be heeded, or will men, with heavy and important trusts, still be permitted to steal, and make false entries, in order to cover up their tracks? We shall see.

Holiday Railroad.

The Richmond, Va., daily *Engineer*, has an able article on the question of building a railroad from St. Louis to San Francisco. There is to be a grand convention at St. Louis, in November, in which all the Southern States, including Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky, will be represented. The object of that convention will be to adopt such measures as will finally lead to the building of a competing line to the Pacific slope. The Northern Pacific road is a monstrous monopoly. It grinds the people to powder, by excessive rates of travel and freight. The object is to put a check upon this wholesale extortion. Financially, and commercially, the South and West must take care of themselves. Eastern capitalists have had full sway too long. The more rope you give them, the more they will demand. The reports made by Civil Engineers who have examined the route over which it is proposed to build the Southern Pacific road, are very favorable. This road would not be obstructed by snow and ice, at any time in the year. More than this, it would pass through a fertile region of our country, where there are never any such hindrances as snow and ice. The completion of the Knobwood Branch road, and the Big Sandy road, will place both Old and West Virginia, in direct connection with this Southern route, and trade and travel would gravitate in that direction. We are assured that those who have this enterprise in charge, mean business, and the day is not far distant, when the road will be finished.

S. T. Chapman.

The death of Michael T. Chapman, Clerk of the Boyle Circuit Court, which occurred very suddenly and unexpectedly, on Tuesday last, was a great surprise to his friends and acquaintances. He was thought to be in unusual good health, perhaps, better than he had enjoyed for a year or two. He had been afflicted with a chronic, though, not usually, fatal disease, for many years, but his death was not caused from that complaint. All who knew Mr. Chapman, will deplore his loss. He had been connected with the Circuit Court Clerks of office, in the county of Boyle, for many years—was always popular with the people, and no one could defeat him for the position which he held so long. His genial smile, and happy jests, made all familiar with him. He will be sadly missed by those who knew him best, and appreciated him most. He leaves several children, and many friends, to mourn his loss.

He died of apoplexy, as we learn from his nephew, Judge M. C. Saufley.

IMMENSE floods have been sent down upon the several States in the South, recently. Several towns on the lower Mississippi, have been inundated to the depth of three to four feet. Great destruction of property was the result, and a number of lives were lost.

Some of the newspapers are giving Robert Bonner, fits, because he buys up all the best and fleetest trotters in the country, and retires them to private life, to be used by himself only, thus depriving the lovers of the trotting turf, of much of the pleasure they would enjoy, were those animals retained by those who would trot them before the public. It is charged, too, that Bonner is a tyrant among his animals, and that if they don't "git up and git" to suit his fastidious taste, he will whip them in a trot, for miles, even if it kills them. It is reported that he drove and whipped one of his fine horses to death, simply, because the poor dumb brute did not move to his motion. We can hardly believe this report of one who loves a good horse as well as Mr. Bonner does, but, if it is true, he does not deserve to draw the reins over such a horse as Dexter or Starlite.

GAME LAW.—The Statute law of this State, prohibits any one from hunting partridges before the first day of October, and after the first day of February, in each year—that is, you cannot hunt them between the first day of February and October first.—

After next Saturday, (tomorrow) week, you can kill as many of them as you find, provided you are a good shot, like Capt. Bogardus or Will Price. A violation of the law subjects you to a fine of \$5 for each bird killed, and the law should be rigidly enforced.

STEALING the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in, has been practiced since the world began, and will continue. It is said that the "bank robbers" stopped over Sunday, near Huntington, West Va., at the house of a farmer, in the guise of indecent cattle dealers; stating to their host that they had religious scruples about trampling on the Lord's Day. They also, read their Bibles all day, and appeared to be exceedingly sanctimonious and self-righteous. There are more wolves in sheep's clothing than we have any idea of.

ODD FELLOWS.—The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the United States, is in session at Indianapolis, Indiana, with Grand Sire, M. J. Durham, of Kentucky, presiding. The various Lodges in this country and Europe, are reported to be in a very flourishing condition. The Order is co-extensive with civilization, and is rapidly increasing everywhere. Many prominent members, among them Vice President Colfax, and O. P. Morton, of Indiana, are in attendance at the present meeting.

It is said that the Cyclone which passed over Indiana, Texas, the other day, destroyed the town almost entirely. Only five business houses in the town were saved. Many persons were drowned, and their dead bodies were found floating twenty miles along the beach. One common ruin seems to have visited all. Such a terrible disaster has not been recorded during the history of Texas. Several other towns down there, were almost entirely destroyed.

THE fast mail train which was recently started from the East to the West and South, made the marvelous time of five miles in four minutes on a part of the road, and a mile a minute from Vandulia to East St. Louis. We see no necessity for such rapid transit, and one of these days, the papers will have to record a terrible wreck of cars and loss of life and limb. No human being should desire to travel over 35 miles an hour, and when this time is exceeded, the danger is great.

THE Kentucky Legislature will convene on the last day of this year, hence, our Representatives will have the Christmas holidays.

THE Grand Lodge of Kentucky Masons, will convene in October, at Louisville.

CASKEY COUNTY NEWS.

Middlebury.

A fine rain on last Saturday, laid the dust, and it is thought will much benefit late corn.

MARSHAL, near Willow Springs, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Ben. Lawhorn, Mr. George Butto, Miss Lizzie, daughter of Jas. Richardson, on the 12th inst., Mr. Arch Douglass to Miss Susan Hamilton.—Ages of the above vary from 13 to 17 years.

PERSONAL.—Miss Florence Estes, returned to the Stanford Female College, a few days since, and H. H. McAninch, has gone to attend Christian College, at Columbia. Maj. Geo. W. Sweeney and Jessie Coffey, returned from that portion of the U. S. H. R. North of Shelly City, on yesterday, at which place they been viewing the contracts soon to be let out. We understand they had bid for one or more contracts.

LAND SALES.—A. Hicks, sold to William Floyd, 113 acres of land, for \$3,300. Mr. Hicks has bought from Levi Hubbell, of Lincoln county, 100 acres of land including corn crop, at \$8,750.

D. W. COZMAN, has been very ill with fever for several weeks, but is now convalescing.

THE New York Evening Post, one of the ablest of the Eastern dailies, says that Gen. Wm. Preston, "the man who delivered the furious war speech in Virginia, recently, made an able argument on the tariff and finance question, at Louisville, the other day." It was not Gen. William Preston, who delivered the speech in Virginia, but it was Gen. John S. Preston, who is not even a *kinman* of our Kentucky Preston, as we are informed.

CARE SCHMID got mad because the Democrats of the Missouri legislature would not re-elect him to the Senate last winter, and went off to Europe to cool his fevered brain. He came back recently, and, to take revenge upon the party, intends stamping the State of Ohio, in the interest of Roy & Myers.

A NEW drug store is now nearly completed at this place, and will be occupied by the new firm of Roy & Myers.

EDHEMONT.

COL. GEO. M. ADAMS, the gallant young Democrat, who redeemed the Mountain Congressional District from Radicalism, and represented it for several terms in Congress, is highly spoken of as a candidate for the Clerkship of the Lower House of Congress, next session. He deserves the place, and we believe he will get it without much of a struggle.

A CERTAIN Radical sheet says that the Republican candidate for Governor in California, was defeated because there was an Independent candidate on the track besides a Democrat. How could that have been, when the Democrat received more votes than both of them? Such talk as that, is all bosh.

MR. WATTERSON, of the *Courier-Journal*, says "there never has been an hour or a minute, that we would not have walked a hundred miles, and whipped twice our weight in wildcats, to secure the re-election of Governor Allen, of Ohio." And yet, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and John Noble, are not happy.

M. KEAN, one of the Proprietors of the famous Louisville Hotel, was stricken with paralysis, last Tuesday, and is now in a dangerous condition. Hopes are entertained of his recovery, but he may not survive the attack.

THE machinery of our State Government, under Governor McCreary, is running on as smoothly as though he had been in that office for many years. We know that he would make Kentucky a good Governor.

In all sincerity, we ask our distinguished friend, the able editor of the *Courier-Journal*, to tell his readers, and the rest of mankind, why he thinks that "inflation means repudiation?"

THE Massachusetts Democratic Convention, which met last Wednesday, declared in favor of a "hard money" platform. This was wrong in the "Old Bay State." Money did it.

IF the Columbia Spectator can be believed, that town is on the "improve," for the Spectator says one of their citizens has actually dug a "new" well. Hail, Columbia!

EX-GOVERNOR KING, of Paducah, Ky., is in the far west, on a trip of pleasure. He passed through Kansas, and pronounced it the "greatest agricultural State in the Union."

POSTMASTER General Jewel, has appointed a Democrat Post Master at Jacksonville, Fla., because there was not a Radical in the place fit to hold the office.

THE Base Ball season is drawing to a close. All hearts rejoice at the fact. Now, if they would quit writing about Cardinal McClosky, our cup of happiness would be full.

THE election of a new Board of Directors and other officers of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, will be held in Louisville in the early part of next month.

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THE HORN AND THE HONEY BEE.

AN APPOLOGETIC FOR THE HORN OF HONEY.

A loy Horn—the story goes—
Iniquitous, pert, and self-conceited,
Exploited a young man,
And then the boy he met graced.

"Say, who is the horn on you,
For you are the horn of a neighbor!"
Who was about, and never did
A single act of useful labor!

"I've married you well for many a day,
In garden blossoms and meadow-green;
Now here, and there, in winter play!
From morn till night all in rose!

"While I disperess'd at home;
A faithful wife—the love of mothers;
About the beds you lay down,

Without the loss regard for others.

"While I lay out—rests each out,
You lay out—rests each out, and fragrant,
And, sleeping home, scroll sheet,

At last a good-for-nothing vagrant!

"Now say, the boy, "you do me wrong;
I'm useful, too, perhaps you doubt it;
Because—though telling all day long—
I need to make a turn about it!"

"While you, with every egg that chores
Your daily task, must stop and pause,
The news in other's ears, and the clamor!

"Till they are told, and the clamor!

"Come now with me, and see my home,

And, when I feel no more worth in quiet;

To make us much more alive

Than you with all you cocking riot!"

"Agoon.

The poet, one may plainly see,

He reads the book of his leisure,

Reproduced by the author.

Who joins utility to pleasure;

While in this self-conceited flea

We note the poet's silly neighbor,

Who thinks the pony's working-men;

Are doing all the useful labor!

BILL WALKER'S WIFE.

BY ROBERT C. NEVINS.

Some one knocked at the door. It was a wild night—the snow falling drearily around, the air dying away and then coming in swift twirls down the chimney, bringing with it a burden of snow which hissed as it touched the roaring fire. Quietness within. A comely matron was sitting alone by the hearth, mending a child's stocking. The three pairs of little shoes lying to dry before the flame told that the quietness was only a temporary peace, to be broken after the little active brains were recuperated by sleep. Sitting there alone, the woman heard the knock at the door. Hurriedly rising, she unlocked and opened it. A man's voice said:

"Do Bill Walker's wife live here?"

"Yes," she answered. "I am she."

What do you want with me?"

"Lass, may I come in? I've news from Bill."

"From Bill? Come in, sailor, for the love of heaven, and tell me what you know!"

Out of the wintry darkness into the light and heat of the pungent wood-fire stepped a big hawkeyed fellow, dressed in the rough garb of a common sailor. He shook the snow from him, and looked down into the little woman's face in close inquiry. She returned the look with a startled expression, as of one bewildered; and then a new look came into her face as of comprehension.

"Sly by the fire," she said to him.

"You must be chilled."

"I am that, Bill Walker's wife. Are ye all alone?"

"No," she said, pointing to the three pairs of little shoes.

The man looked at them and drew his hand roughly across his eyes.

"Now, sailor," said she, "what's your news?"

"Bill Walker's wife, I can't tell ye much just now. Ye must bear wi' me. I'm a rough sailor, and I don't know how to commence my yarn."

"Oh, it's a yarn it is! Well, wait till I put some wood on the fire—then commence." She suited the action to the word, sat down on a low stool in the red light from the hissing fire, and took up her work. "Now," she said, "I am ready."

The man seemed a little confused.

"Ain't ye a little nervous?" he asked.

"I've got over that. I was a little afraid before you came. Now I'm steady-like."

"Bill Walker's wife, I've that to tell ye which 'll not make ye easy in yer mind. Bill's been gone three years. When did ye hear from him last?"

"Five months ago he was sailing by Madagascar, and hadn't time to write much."

"Lass," said the man solemnly, "ye'll not hear from Bill in a hurry again!"

"I expect not. There ain't much use of him writing 'cause I never can answer his letters, and I don't know if they'd find him."

"Lass, he'll never write to you any more."

"That's a pity for Bill, for he likes me, I know."

The man looked at her in astonishment.

"Bill Walker's wife, I'll commence my yarn."

"Sailor, I'm waiting."

"Ye know five months ago Bill sailed around Madagascar. I was along wi' Bill. Him and me was fast chums. Whatsoever he done, that done I. Wherever he went, there went I. When he went, I saw that ere letter. When he thought of ye, I knew that ere thought. But then's storm at sea, lass. There's storms as make ye think of home, and all that's-a-pearl-dear, while heaven seem to be a-saltin' wi' the sea, which uprise to hurt it with mad waves. There's storms as make even a sailor's heart quiet, while his lips and case at the work he's trying to do. Who knew more about storms nor Bill and me? We followed the sea for nigh twenty year, and never separated. I can't tell ye all, for ye'll feel bad."

"No I won't, sailor. I like to hear you talk. It sounds like old times."

"Old times, lass?"

"Yes; when Bill used to sit there and tell his awful yarns, and try to make me swallow them. You see, I never believe all I hear."

"You don't think I'm deceiving ye, do ye?"

"Of course not, sailor. I don't think anything like that. And so you mustn't have that in your nodule. Go on now."

"Well, there comes a storm a day."

The skipper comes to us, and says, says he, "Lads, it's all up wi' us, unless we get out in ten minutes!" But, says Bill, "where'll we go?" "Anywhere ye can," says the skipper, says he. "Ye see I can't talk like a book, and I just tell ye this as it were. The ship had sprung a leak."

In fact, the whole side were stove in on a rock, and the pump was no use; and we was going down, and oh—Bill Walker's wife—her husband wouldn't forsake that ship."

"That's right in him," she said, "I wouldn't have a man who would forsake his work when it got trouble-some."

FARM AND FERIADE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOGING.—It may be overdoas or underdone. There is reason in everything, "even in roasting eggs," as the saying is. So in hogeing crops. If we hoe up the soil in large lumps, as we are apt to do with the very serviceable modern prong hoe, we let the keen, dry air into contact with the startling hot unfeebled roots, and by their parching an irreparable injury is done. Such lumps should be enriched down so as to be permeable to air throughout and yet serve to protect roots from its free sweep. But as in avoiding Selys we may run to wreck on Charbly, so in crushing the soil we may make it too fine, in which case the first heavy rain will run to the surface together in a crust impervious to the air, and for want of enough of air, so essential to active root action, growth will be checked until the hoe or its equivalent is used again to break up and open the surface crust. Some soils have such a texture as to prevent this packing effect of rains, in which case they are apt to produce more than for richer soils which "run." A surface dressing or mulch of vegetable matter, or the shallow working in of manure, greatly favors the productive ness of such fine, compacting soils, which with vigilant summer hoing will yield more than coarser soils can.

THE TAX OF TAX IN GARDENS.—Writing in the *Review Horticole*, M. Ballez urges the use of tan in gardens, where, he states, it is most useful for covering the poor, storm-tossed daddy far out at sea, and that he would listen and have pity? Didn't Bill ever know how I waited for the cruel sea hunting for him? Didn't he know how I clung to every hope—to every dream of him—to every prayer for his good that I learned over and over again? And how I used to go to the little children's crib, and when the wind grew stronger and stronger, and went for the sake of them up from their happy sleep, crying: "Babies! babies! wake with mamma and pray for daddy, on the wild, wild seas?" And how I have fixed their little hands together, and we four knelt down, and, though they only knew the one prayer, "Our Father," yet they said it after me, and I knew that God understood that they were praying for their poor, storm-tossed daddy far out at sea, and that he would listen and have pity? 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